

# "Happiness"

Frederick S. Attwood



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by

*Frederick S. Attwood*





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## **D**edicated

*To the Great International Order of the Knights of Pythias*, whose character-building mission includes “The elevation, the happiness, the betterment of man,” and at whose hands the author has received many official honors, this little volume is fraternally dedicated.

FREDERICK S. ATTWOOD,  
*Supreme Prelate.*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., U. S. A.

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## **My Creed**

I believe in God, the Eternal Good.

I believe in man, His image and likeness.

I believe in the innocence of childhood, the dignity and purity of parenthood and in the “Glory of grey hairs”—the optimism of old age.

I believe in the final supremacy of the good, and in the “Life everlasting”—of character.



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## FOREWORD

*"Of the making of many books there is  
no end."*

The purpose of this little volume is to furnish the author with those mundane things which, while they perish with the using, are seemingly necessary to our present well-being. It is also sent forth in response to requests from many friends who have listened to the subject-matter of this book as it has been delivered from the lecture platform in sundry places and at divers times in the United States and Canada.

Let these two excuses be sufficient justification for adding yet another book to the millions that have gone before. Should the reader discover any grain of truth within its pages, any inspiration to less sordidness of living, any incentive to greater selflessness of human

service, recognition should be given to that divine source whence cometh "every good and perfect gift."

Since "there is nothing new under the sun," the writer makes no claim to originality, either of thought or expression, and warns the reader particularly against quoting as original any of the stories told herein.

## CHAPTER I.

*“The kingdom of heaven is within you.”*

Though we may differ in our creed,  
As people differ in their dress,  
We seek alike one common goal,  
The road that leads to happiness.

Notwithstanding the pessimistic prating of octogenarian philosophers, and the great mass of material evidence to the contrary, it still remains true that man's greatest desire, the purpose to which he bends every effort, the goal always before his heart, is to be happy. It is interesting to note what different ideals of happiness people cherish and in what singular places they look for this well-spring of life.

An Irishman sat by the bedside of his dying wife. Noticing her lips move, he bent low his head that he might catch her last words. In a hoarse whisper she said, “Mike, Mike,” and he answered, “Phat is it, Biddy?” “Mike, promise me one thing before I die.” “Well,

phat is it, Biddy?" said her spouse, with a worried look. "Promise me, promise me," said the dying woman. "All right, lass, I promise; now phat is it?" "Mike," said his wife, "you niver have been good friends with me mother, and I wish that on the day of me funeral ye'd ride in the same kerridge wid her." It was a hard thing to ask of Mike; he had not been so near his mother-in-law in all his married life as that. For a few moments he sat in deep thought, then, lifting his head, he turned to the dying woman and said: "Biddy, yez have been a good wife to me and a good mither to me childer, and, though it's a hard thing yez are asking of me, Oi'll do it, Oi'll do it—but it'll spoil the day for me."

And so we find people looking for happiness in just as unlikely places. Many look for it in the pursuit of riches, some in the pomp of power, others in the attainment of social position and prestige; a few look for it in mental achievements, and still others in unselfed service to humanity; but I think I may safely say, without fear of contradiction, that most people, the great majority of mankind, seek for happiness in material pleasure and sordid possession.

## CHAPTER II.

## WINGED RICHES

In the year 1903 a partner and myself spent several weeks prospecting for gold in the Lardo mining division of British Columbia. On June 23rd of that year we pitched our camp near the rushing waters of Poplar Creek. Day after day we went out into the hills on our quest of gold; night after night we returned to camp, weary, footsore, ready to give up the quest and return to civilization on the morrow; but, with the dawn of a new day, new hope and expectancy would spring up in our hearts and again we would sally forth, to repeat the previous day's failure.

One morning I wakened before my partner and the thought came to me: "Why not go out alone and look for gold today; fortune may crown your effort with success where she has evaded the united efforts of yourself and partner." Suiting the action to the thought, I arose and dressed, made a hasty breakfast,

baked a bannock by the camp-fire and tied it in a cotton sack to my overall strap behind, so that both hands might be free to aid in climbing rocks and fallen trees. Then, with my prospector's pick at my belt, I left camp in search of the precious metal. For some time I sought in vain. Then, as I was about to cross a ravine that cleft the mountainside, the thought came: "Why not go down to the bottom of this gulch, and, where the melting snow-water from above has washed away the gravel and debris, you may find the formation you are looking for." Again acting upon impulse, I descended to the bottom of the ravine, looking on either side of me as I went for indications of quartz. I had ascended the ravine some distance and was about to give up and try another place, when, coming around a slight bend in the watercourse, I came face to face with what I instinctively knew was the mother lode of the country. There, stretching out before my astonished vision, was a high cliff of rose-colored quartz, and, intersecting it a short distance away, was a fissure vein, and I knew that where that fissure vein cut into the great leader I would find what, in miners' parlance, we call a "pocket of free gold."

With feverish haste I hurried forward to the point of intersection. Sinking upon both knees I began to pick away at the galena capstone until I had freed it, so that, by putting both arms under it and exerting all my weight, I was able to send it crashing down the mountainside; and there, in the pocket before me, I saw the most wonderful specimens of free gold I had ever expected to set eyes upon. I filled the pockets of my overalls and jumper, then the bosom of my rough miner's shirt, tightening the belt about my waist to hold the nuggets in. Then I bethought myself of the bannock in the cotton sack behind me. I tore off the sack, threw out the bannock, and, filling the sack with nuggets, tied it again to my overall strap behind. Then I filled every possible part of my clothing until there was room for no more, and, as I realized that I must leave some behind while I returned to camp, secured my partner and came back to stake out the claim, the passion of the miser came over me and I cried aloud: "I'll not leave the spot until I can take all—all—with me!" And then the deepening shadows under the trees of the mountainside warned me that the sun had gone over the hill yonder. Soon darkness would be

upon the face of the land, and if I did not wish to spend the night alone in the hills—a dangerous thing in that country for any prospector—I had better get back to camp, and that quickly. With this thought reason reasserted herself. I covered up the treasure that remained with gravel and pieces of rock and twigs of tree; and then, thinking of all that it would mean to me and mine, of the joy of my partner upon my return to camp, of the wild excitement of Poplar Creek over the fabulous discovery—these and kindred thoughts pressing hard upon my brain, I struggled to get upon my feet. I say “struggled,” for, to my dismay, I found that I had more gold upon my person than I could lift, much less carry back to camp; and, with the conviction that I must put some of it back, the passion of the miser, with tenfold force, came over me, and I said: “I’ll not put any back; all that is upon my person is mine, and somehow or other I’ll get back to camp with it.” And I struggled and struggled to get on my feet, and in my struggles to arise—*I woke up.*

Yes, I awakened to find my partner sleeping very soundly in the tent beside me, and I clutching the blanket on which I lay with both

hands, having apparently, in my sleep, tried to raise my own dead weight. Oh, it was a vivid dream, and I cannot begin to convey it to you as vividly as it came to me that summer night under the trees of Poplar Creek yonder.

Why do I tell you this dream? To illustrate this fundamental law of life: that if we pin our hope of happiness to the accumulation of riches we shall awaken in the morning to find it all a dream, and to learn that we have bartered away the real for the unreal, the spiritual and eternal for the temporal and passing.

I would like to give you my definitions of those two words: "Riches" and "Wealth." To me there is a great gulf fixed between the ideas conveyed by those two potent words, a gulf as impassable as that which divides the seen from the unseen. Riches is the possession of more than one can use or wisely distribute; wealth is the possession of all that one can use. Man has as much right to seek wealth as to seek health; but to wish for and seek after riches is to pursue a road of bitterness which can have but one end: a character made up of selfishness, sordidness, greed, avarice and egotism. It is of this idea of riches and the spiritual penury of their possession that the great

Humanitarian said: "With what hardship shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven." Why? Because to have a superabundance of what others lack is to possess a character utterly unfit for and at variance with the kingdom of unselfishness.

Studying the history of the children of Israel, a history which prefigures the pilgrimage of every individual who aspires to high and noble ideals of living and being, we find that every fiftieth year was to be a year of Jubilee. In that year every Israelite who had been sold for debt was to be given his unconditional liberty. Every piece of land that had been mortgaged or sold was to revert back to the descendants of the original inheritor, and thus a fresh start given to all. Thus did God ordain that there should be no vast accumulation of riches on the one hand, and no poverty on the other hand, among the children of men. Because we have changed all this and have resorted to our own devices, we have today the rich and the poor, gaunt want side by side with prodigal wantonness.

## CHAPTER III.

## TROUBLED WATERS

One of the commonest causes of unhappiness in human lives is that unfortunate habit of fault-finding, petty bickering and quarreling over trifles—all too common in our American homes. We find many a professional or business man, all day long courteous and polite to customer, competitor or client, when he reaches his home in the evening seems to leave all that courtesy of manner behind him on the doorstep, and when he enters his home there is speedily engendered a spirit of strife and ill-temper which all too often turns the atmosphere of the home into anything but heaven on earth.

A young couple who had not been married very long, but long enough to convince their close friends that the match was certainly not made in heaven, were always quarreling over trifles. One evening John came home expecting to find supper ready on the table, but

found Mary engrossed in one of Shakespeare's works. To explain why supper was not ready, Mary said: "Oh, I've been so busy reading Shakespeare that I've forgotten all about supper." John replied: "But Mary, you don't suppose for a moment that Shakespeare wrote those plays, do you?" "Of course I do," was the response; "if he didn't, who did?" "Why, Mary," was John's rejoinder, "it is an established fact today, and one recognized by all literary people, that Bacon wrote Shakespeare." Then the argument began; it waxed hot and hotter until Mary said, with a stamp of her foot: "John, do you know what I'm going to do the moment I get to heaven?" "No, I don't," said John. "Well, sir," replied his wife, "I'll hunt up Shakespeare the very first thing and ask him who wrote his plays." "But," responded her husband humorously, "suppose he isn't there?" "Then *you* ask him," retorted his indignant spouse.

Yet another cause of unhappiness is that of giving heed to the criticism of others. When the Man of Galilee said "Judge not," he implied in that command that we should not allow others to judge us, or, if they do so, we should not permit their criticism to affect our

conduct. If, in the light of my own conscience, of the divine revelation and of my relation to my fellow man, I have mapped out a certain line of conduct, I am not to deviate to the right hand or to the left, moved by adverse criticism of friend or foe. In Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress there is the picture of a man with the muck-rake. There he stands, a gaunt figure with one of those old-fashioned wooden rakes in his hands, engaged in raking together the muck and filth at his feet; and over his head there hangs a glistening crown, but he never sees it, for he never looks up, away from the filth on the ground. And so, in every community, we find people with muck-rakes, engaged in raking together the gossip and scandal of the neighborhood and purveying it from door to door. They remind me of the dogs that came and licked the sores of Lazarus as he lay at the millionaire's gateway—they seem to fatten on the sores they find on the characters of others. If you are ever tempted to start or help along a story reflecting upon the integrity or purity of another, remember, such is the tendency of human nature, that when the breath of scandal touches the garments of a fellow being many are ready to condemn and

to accept the naked charge as proof of guilt. The lives of countless thousands have been clouded by thoughtless, unkind words; good men and true have struggled and gone down in life's battles, overcome by the poisonous gases of malevolent enemies.

Yet other legions have found the world a place of unhappiness and woe because their own mentality has been dwarfed and warped by indulging in this habit of criticizing, judging and condemning others. In the Western cattle country they tell of a cowboy who went into a saloon one morning and began to drink rather heavily. After a while he fell asleep by the bar. The bartender thought he would have some fun at Jimmy's expense, so he twisted a bit of Limburger cheese in Jimmy's moustache. Presently the cowboy awakened; there seemed to be an indefinable something in the atmosphere; he moved away from the spot to the other end of the bar, but "the villain still pursued him." Then he sat down at a table near the door, but couldn't get away from it; rising and staggering to the door, he went out. In about an hour's time he returned to the saloon, sat down again at the table and, burying his face in his arms, began to sob like

a baby. The bartender went over to him, slapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Buck up, man, buck up; what's the matter?" Lifting his tear-stained face, Jimmy looked at the bartender for a few moments and then blurted out, "Matter! Matter? Oh, the whole world stinks!"

When you are tempted to share the cowboy's impression of the world, it wouldn't be a bad idea for you to look for the Limburger in your own moustache; as a rule, a rule that has very few exceptions, the whole cause of the trouble with the world is no farther distant from the individual than that.



## CHAPTER IV.

*“Sweet are the uses of adversity.”*

Some reader may say: “But these are not what have made my life so unhappy; I seem to have been the football of fate, kicked about and buffeted all my days.” Yes, to many people adversity, trials, afflictions and similar disciplinary experiences are like stumbling-blocks; groping blindly in the darkness, we fall over them, causing ourselves further suffering. In reality they are stepping-stones upon which we may mount into a sphere of less selfishness and greater service. Homer was blind, and out of the physical darkness which entombed him were born those immortal poems that so enriched the literature of the ancient world. Milton lost sight after reaching middle age, and thereafter gave to the world that masterpiece of English literature, “Paradise Lost”; he himself said, “He that hath light within his own clear breast may sit in the center of the night and enjoy bright

day.” Stevenson wrote some of his most helpful words when his body was on the rack of physical torture. And so I might multiply examples and instances of noble souls who, out of intense suffering, have given to the world the inspiration of an example which has cheered other weary pilgrims on to the land of “Heart’s Desire,” to the finding and keeping of that peace which comes from overcoming.

Out in the Western mining country I once saw the gold quartz brought from the mine to the stamp-mill. It was placed in a crusher and broken into smaller fragments; these fragments were then placed upon the platform of the stamp-mill; the water was turned on, the machinery started, and, with all their weight, down came those ponderous steel stamps upon the rock, crushing it into floury atoms. The water carried the crushed mass over the amalgam plates where the quicksilver was, and the tiny particles of gold which had been held captive in their rock-ribbed prison, having been freed by the crushing of the machinery, fell to the bottom of the water and were caught and held by the quicksilver for the use of man, while the crushed rock, now valueless, was carried over into the dump-pile below.

Another day I stood in the great smelter at Ladysmith and watched the galena rock being brought from the mine. It was piled on hugh platforms of cordwood in the open valley. The cordwood was fired and in a little while the sulphur was sweated from the rock and the sulphurous fumes hung like a funeral pall over the valley, destroying all vegetation within reach of their poisonous breath. In my ignorance I said to a friend, "The rock has had its baptism of fire." But had it? Ah, no. The roasted rock, as it was then called, was brought into the smelter proper and the furnace doors in the floor were opened; as I looked down into that awful heat I realized the meaning of the term "white heat," and into that place of trial and testing the roasted rock mixed with coke was shoveled. Presently I saw a black, molten stream pouring from a waste-pipe into the gulch below the smelter and thought that the minerals were being lost forever; but, as I wondered, a man came along with a huge cauldron-like vessel on wheels which he placed in position before the furnace. Then with a long steel rod he began to pry away at the fire-clay which stopped the aperture, and presently there poured from the

furnace a liquid stream of molten metal. He wheeled it off to the moulds and as it was cooling I looked at it and once more displayed my ignorance by giving utterance to my thought. "That slaty, black mass is of no apparent value," I said, and the smelter-man turned to me and replied, "It's not through with the fire yet." Again and again the metal was passed through the furnace until, purged of all dross, separated into its several parts, the gold, the silver, the copper and the lead, which a short time before had been hidden in the galena rock, lay in ingots and bricks ready for the market-place.

So, my friend, when you are called upon to pass under the stamp-mills of suffering or through the burning, fiery furnace of adversity or affliction, remember that not a particle of the pure gold of character can suffer loss; on the contrary, these are the processes by means of which character is refined and purified until at last it reflects perfectly the divine image and likeness.

It is not well, however, to cross bridges until you come to them nor to swim a river if a boat is on your side of the stream. "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you" is

the twentieth century way of saying “Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.” Many people make themselves and others very unhappy because they are always borrowing trouble. If in midwinter a beautiful, spring-like day appears they call it a “weather-breeder” and prophesy dolefully, “We’ll pay for it, you’ll see.”

“Build a little fence of trust around today.  
Fill the space with loving thoughts and therein stay.  
Look not through th’ sheltering bars upon to-morrow,  
God will help thee bear what comes, of joy or sorrow.”

Some years ago I stood in the streets of Calgary in the Canadian Northwest and, looking toward the west, I saw in the distance that beautiful page from God’s great book of Nature, the Canadian Rockies, rearing their snow-crested peaks proudly into the blue above. In the clear atmosphere of the Western prairies the hills appeared to be no farther distant than eight or ten miles; in reality they are eighty miles distant from Calgary. The story is told of two Englishmen—and I may tell the story with perfect propriety, being an Englishman myself by birth, a Canadian by

education, but an American by choice. A fellow has to be born somewhere, you know, and he has no personal choice in the momentous event, so in the accident of birth I was born under the British flag. Several years ago I was waiting in a hotel lobby for a bus to take me to the depot. Around the lobby were several ambassadors of commerce — traveling salesmen; the question of citizenship came up, and one of them said boastfully, "I was BORN an American," this in a tone which plainly indicated that the speaker looked down upon naturalized citizens. To use a classic, twentieth-century phrase, I butted into the conversation. "I beg your pardon," I interrupted, "did you say you were born an American?" "Yes," was the belligerent response, "I was born, not made, an American." Amid the hush which fell upon the little group I asked, very quietly, "Could you help it?" Of course he couldn't. All honor to those who have come from other countries to this, bringing their brain and brawn to the upbuilding and development of our wonderful country, and who, after living here long enough to become thoroughly acquainted with our institutions and forms of government, voluntarily take upon

themselves the responsibilities and obligations of American citizenship. Let the other fellow be mighty glad that he was "born an American," but let him not be boastful of the fact as if he, and he alone, were responsible for the stupendous event.

Well, I was speaking of those two Englishmen before I digressed. They arrived at Calgary one summer evening, straight from the old country. That night they shared the same room at the crowded hotel; in the morning when they drew aside the window-shade, there burst upon their vision that beautiful panorama of lofty peaks, their snow-caps of age-long purity scintillating in the bright sunshine. Overcome by rapture at the sight, one of the Englishmen turned to his companion and said, "Gawge, let's walk to them 'ills before dinner!" It was a glorious prospect, for, as the reader knows, English people are great walkers. A walk to the hills before luncheon and that delightful meal eaten perhaps in some little inn nestling at the base of the mountains, then the walk back to Calgary in time for the evening meal, was a lure not to be put aside, so they started out to walk as soon as breakfast was over. Well, they walked and walked,

and after that they walked some more, and then they kept on walking until it was high noon. The sun beat down upon them pitilessly; they were hot, tired, thirsty. At that instant they chanced upon a coulee, a thread-like stream crossing the prairie, its tiny banks no more than six feet across, and between them a rivulet of crystal water. Both Englishmen lay down and began to lap up the refreshing fluid; one quenched his thirst before the other and went back a few paces in order to gain the necessary impetus to leap the stream, when he noticed his companion removing his clothes. In amazement, he inquired, "Wot yer doing, Chawley?" to which Charlie replied, "Do you know, Gawge, if the distance across this blooming stream is as deceptive as the distance to them blarsted 'ills, we'll 'ave to swim before we get ovah." And so many people get ready to stem some overwhelming, gushing torrent when in realty 'tis but a silvery rivulet crossing the dull monotony of their prairie-like existence, at the waters of which they might slake their thirst and gain fresh strength and courage with which to go on to the everlasting hills.

## CHAPTER V.

## OPTIMISM ESSENTIAL

And so one might go on enumerating the many causes of unhappiness in human lives, but I think I have written of those causes most common to American humanity, and shall now devote myself to the discussion of the main subject, happiness. The reader will, I am sure, agree with me that a man's life "consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth"; that man is not intended to be a mere money-making machine or pleasure-seeking creature; that the one great thing is the building of character. All other aims and ambitions must be subordinated to this supreme end of man's being, the purpose of his existence.

How is character built? It is very simple, very practical, very easy of accomplishment. In the mental realm you sow a thought and, meditating upon it, you reap an act; the act, repeated, becomes a habit; habit develops into

conduct; conduct blossoms into character; and character is destiny. The wise man saith: "As he thinketh, so is he," well knowing that character is man's real self, not physique.

How important, then, that we should guard well our thoughts, those potent factors of embryo character. Thoughts are not only potent in the development of individual character, but they are vitally potent in the development of national life and character. The thought of Greece was art, and that thought, pursued, made Greece a land of beauty. The thought of Rome was power and conquest, and that thought made her the temporary mistress of the world. The thought of the early Christian era was martyrdom, and that thought inspired thousands to give their lives for the faith. The thought of the middle ages was chivalry, and that thought infused into society the most noble and elevating sentiments. The thought of the eighteenth century was liberty, and that thought crystallized into the Declaration of Independence. The thought of the nineteenth century was invention, and that thought crowded the years with almost miraculous discoveries and achievements in all manner of invention. Does the reader still object

to the practicality of thought? You behold a piece of labor-saving machinery and you say to me, "Ah, there is something real, concrete, tangible," and I answer, "You are looking at what is merely the visible expression of a thought, for long before that piece of mechanism took tangible form yonder it lived, moved and had its being in the mind of the inventor who conceived and brought it forth." You stand before a painting by one of the world's great artists and you say to me, "Ah, there is something beautiful, tangible, real," and again I reply, "You are looking at what is merely the visible expression of a thought, for, long before, in all its matchless beauty, that picture took form upon the canvas it hung in the mind of the artist."

A philanthropist conceives the idea of building, equipping and endowing a great benevolent institution. The idea is purely mental and so long as it remains simply a thought or idea it has no visible expression. But the philanthropist calls in an architect and confides his idea to him, ordering him to prepare plans and specifications. The idea begins to take tangible form on paper in the form of drawings and figures. The architect,

at the bidding of the philanthropist, calls for tenders for the erection of the building and a certain bid is accepted. Then the idea takes on greater tangibility as ground is broken, masses of steel, stone, lumber, glass and other materials are piled near the site, and masons, carpenters, steel workers and plumbers carry out their separate tasks. At last the building is completed, the equipment is installed, the institution receives its first wards and the idea or thought of the philanthropist is at last visibly expressed and ministering to humanity. And so I might go on, multiplying these illustrations of the power, practicality and importance of thought in the building of character.

Now into the creation of character many factors enter; I shall content myself with naming only one of these, namely the cultivation and development of the optimistic temperament. There are many humorous definitions of the optimist and pessimist abroad in the land, but perhaps the two most suited to the vernacular of our day are the following: An optimist is a man who is just starting out to make a night of it with the boys, and a pessimist is the same man the next morning. Elbert Hubbard once said that an optimist was a man

who sat up all night making sweet lemonade out of the lemons handed him during the day; another humorist remarks that a pessimist is a person who of two evils chooses both.

Centuries ago a great horde of people, recently released from years of abject slavery, camped one night by the borders of a beautiful stream. In the morning twelve of their number crossed the river and went into the country beyond to see what it was like. After an interval of several days they returned bearing with them wonderful fruits of their adventure.

Ten of the twelve were pessimists, two were optimists. The ten pessimists said, "It's a wonderful country all right, and literally flows with milk and honey. There is abundant pastureage for our flocks and herds and the valleys and hillsides are fruitful in every good thing, BUT there are walled cities and giants in the land and we shall never be able to enter in and possess it." The two optimists replied, "True, there are walled cities and giants there, and many perils and snares for our feet, but we are well able to enter into the land, subdue our foes and take possession, for God hath said that every place where the soles of our

feet shall tread is ours. Let us go up and possess the land!"

Unfortunately, the counsel of the ten pessimists prevailed, and for eight and thirty years the people wandered in a dry and solitary land, harassed on every side by marauding bands of Arabs, tortured by hunger and thirst, heat and cold, until every man among them over twenty-one years of age had died in the wilderness, leaving his bones to whiten in the desert sands, and with his hope of the promised rest unfulfilled. Eight and thirty years after they had listened to the counsel of the ten pessimists, the two optimists led that nation over Jordan and into the Promised Land. The names of the ten pessimists died with them; the names of the two optimists, Caleb and Joshua, live in history. Are you a pessimist or an optimist?

"Somebody said that it couldn't be done,  
But he with a chuckle replied  
That maybe it couldn't, but he would be one  
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.  
So he buckled right in with a trace of a grin  
On his face—if he worried he hid it;  
He started to sing as he tackled the thing  
That couldn't be done—and he did it."

The world is a mirror: smile into it and it laughs back at you; look into it with the look

of a grouch and you get the vinegar. Boost, and the world will boost you; roast, and you sizzle alone.

Going up a mountainside some years ago with a party of friends, we found ourselves suddenly enveloped in a cloud which had descended upon us. One of the party said, "What shall we do, go back?" "No," was the reply, "if you go back you will get under this cloud and soon be wet through." "Well, then, what shall we do, stay here?" said the anxious one again. "No, if you stay here you'll get wet through by absorption." "Well, then, what shall we do?" Again the inquirer voiced his perplexity. "Go on up," was the laconic response of the guide, and we again began to climb. Soon we emerged above the cloud and found the sun shining as if there were no such things as clouds. Turning around and looking down, expecting to see the valley below, I was overcome by a feeling of superstitious awe, for all that I could see was a grey, whitish mass, shutting out the world from our view and seemingly severing the top of the mountain from its base. As I watched that cloud a little breeze came up from the valley and it began to move, and, as it rocked and rippled

in the rays of that splendid sun, its billowy surface scintillated with the glories of a thousand rainbows. The dwellers in the valley below saw only the dark side of that cloud and felt its chilling rain; we upon the heights above looked down upon it and beheld, in all its wondrous beauty, its rainbow-tinted lining. So when the cloud comes into your life and the darkness of adversity o'ershadows you, stay not in the valley, for there you find the fog, the miasma, the fear, the impotence. Get upon the heights above, rising superior to the buffetings of fate, and there you will enter into your inheritance of dominion—of self-mastery—and you will learn how to surmount adverse conditions, how to overcome obstacles and how to ride triumphantly over the wildest waves of the most boisterous sea.

V I was once sitting in the rotunda of a hotel when a young man seated himself beside me and began to engage in conversation. Presently he said, "See this revolver?" to which I replied, "What do you carry a thing like that about with you for?" He said, "My father went blind at the age of thirty-one; I am twenty-nine, and the oculists tell me that in two years I, too, will be blind; I carry this gun

because the day I go blind I shall blow out my brains." With a flash of inspiration—for it was never born in this dull wit of mine—I said, "You have no brains to blow out." At that he became very angry, but I said, "It won't do you any good to get mad at me; you invited what you got, for any young man, standing on the threshold of manhood with all the vast possibilities of life stretching out before him, who can contemplate for one instant the thought of self-destruction just because he may lose one of the physical senses, has no grey matter to scatter." Well, we talked it over and he began to cool off until I thought I had made a convert to optimism and said, "You'd better give me that gun and let me take care of it for you," to which he replied with a smile, "No, thanks; I'll keep it and sell it to the first fellow I find who has no brains."

The optimist will not only be optimistic in his attitude towards the vicissitudes of his own experience but he will also be optimistic in his attitude towards the other fellow. Let me whisper a word to you mothers: "It hurts a boy to wash his neck." Oh, you need not smile, I was a boy not very long ago and the memory lingers. Oh, no, it never hurt me to

wash my neck, I never did it; I would not be so untrue to the standards of Boyville as that; but it used to hurt, or I thought it did, when mother did it, and it seemed to me that she was always doing it. Now, why did my mother scrub and scour the dirt from my devoted neck? Because she knew that that dirt was no part of her boy. Now, let us consider the older boy and girl. That man yonder, for example. The world calls him a ne'er-do-well, a derelict upon life's ocean, a prodigal human. Not very long ago that man was a rosy-cheeked, rollicking boy, the pride and promise of a father's hope. That woman. The world calls her by a name that should never blast human lips; when we pass her on the street it is with a glance of aversion or scorn, a glance which says more plainly than words, "I am better than thou." Not long ago that woman was a tiny, throbbing, pulsing bit of human divinity bringing so much of joy and happiness into her mother's life that she seemed to wonder sometimes if heaven could be worth while. What has happened? In both cases an accumulation of dirt, dirt which is no part of the true man or woman and never can become any part of them any more than the dirt on my neck

could ever become a part of my mother's boy. But so long as we insist upon seeing the dirt as the individual, just so long shall we be impotent to help these fellow mortals. When, with vision divine, we learn to see beneath the dirt, beneath the debris of wasted and mis-spent effort, and seek and find the real man, then shall we be empowered to get down to where they are and, putting our arms about them, raise them tenderly to their feet and bid them Godspeed.

I heard of an Englishman once who fired seventeen times at a partridge before he discovered that it was a speck of mud on his eyeglass. You smile? How many of us are doing the same thing day after day, aiming our shafts of criticism and censure at the spots we think we see on the character of the other fellow. What was it the great Humanitarian said twenty centuries ago, thus showing that humanity has changed very little in the interim? "Why do you behold the mote that is in the other fellow's eye and beholdest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" "First cast the beam out of thine own eye, and then," —what? Well, if we would clarify our own vision we would discover that the mote had

disappeared from the eye of the other fellow, for in most instances the mote in his eye is the reflection of the beam that is in our own.

Three offenders were lined up before the judge charged with fast driving. Each of the prisoners and also the judge had the misfortune to be cross-eyed. "What's your name?" asked the judge, addressing the first man. "John Smith," replied number two, who thought the judge was looking at him. "I didn't ask you your name," said the judge, glaring at him. "I didn't say anything," expostulated number three.

I want you, friend reader, to see a picture. Down by the wailing-wall in Jerusalem is seated a man, or rather an individual in the disguise of a man. He is beating upon his breasts and wailing, "Is there any sorrow like unto MY sorrow?" When you, friend reader, are tempted to think that your trouble is the hardest, your path the most beset with thorns, your task the most difficult, it is high time for you to get up, go around the corner and find that other fellow who is worse off than you. You can always find him. Let me give you two problems in mathematics to work out at your leisure. When the weight of your bur-

den seems more than you can bear, hunt up the fellow whose burden is heavier than yours. Now, add to the weight of your burden the other's burden, get under it, and by this process of addition you will subtract the weight of both. That's a problem in addition and subtraction. Now, let me give you one in division and multiplication. You are seeking happiness. Yes? Well, so long as you seek it in any of the common paths such as pleasure, wealth, fame, popularity, social position, scientific achievement and so on ad infinitum, you will be disappointed. Like a will-o'-the-wisp, happiness will ever dance before your vision, but ever elude your grasp. Now change your tactics. You have a little happiness? All right, find the other fellow who has less than you. Divide with him your happiness; give him a little happiness, and by this process of division you multiply your own. Hang on to what you have, and it will gradually fade away; share it, and it comes back to you in ever-increasing volume. People sometimes ask me how it is that I can remember so many stories. The receipt is simple. When I hear a good story I make up my mind not to keep it and at the first opportunity I give it

away. After I have given it away a few times it has become permanently lodged within my mentality, ready to spring forth at the right moment. It is the same with happiness, share it and you keep it; keep it and you lose it. "For to him that hath [and shareth] shall be given and he shall have abundantly; but to him that hath not shall be taken away even what he hath."

## CHAPTER VI.

*“Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter.”*

If the reader will give up false views of what constitutes happiness; if he will cease from seeking it without and begin to look for the kingdom of happiness within; if he will overcome self and lose his life in seeking the larger good of all—then will happiness find him out and lodge with him. Happiness is no rare gem to be found and possessed by but one lucky mortal; rather it is as common as the flowers, as free as the feathered songsters, as accessible as the air we breathe and as possible to us all as our inalienable right to it. That God intends man to be happy is evidenced by the lavishness of his provision for man's happiness and when we subordinate all other quests to the quest of God Himself we shall find that great happiness for which we have sighed and sought and which can never be taken from us. To possess the true consciousness of God is to possess happiness, and all things. As the man of old put it, “Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help.”



**Which Was the Prodigal?**



## WHICH WAS THE PRODIGAL?

A score of centuries ago the great Teacher and Humanitarian sketched a drama-story so full of human interest, so universally true of age-long mankind, that it has never become old and is as pertinent to present-day life and conditions as to the generation that first heard it. The one great mistake which expositors and preachers have made in interpreting and applying this story is that they have seemed to miss the real purpose of its mission and have spent their labor and effort for that which is not bread, or truth, as the word spiritually signifies. They have dealt almost exclusively with the younger son's prodigality, his repentance and welcome home, all of which is there, it is true, but all of which is but the setting, the staging, the scenery of the drama itself.

In this wonderful drama-story there are three outstanding characters, a father and his two sons. There is no mother in the story and

I used to wonder why she was left out, but I think the meaning of this strange omission is beginning to dawn upon human consciousness today. We are beginning to understand God as Love and if we could sum up in one wonderful personality all the mother-love of all the ages past and of all ages to come we would, even then, have but a faint comprehension of that Love which is God. "Can a woman forget her sucking child that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb?" asks the prophet. Back from the throne of inspiration comes the answer, "Yea, she may forget, yet will I not forget thee, saith the Lord."

### ACT I, SCENE I.

The curtain lifts upon a scene of surpassing rural beauty. On the sunny slope of a Syrian hillside is seen a white, flat-roofed house, large, rambling, conspicuous. It is surrounded by pomegranate gardens and olive groves, while vineyards stretch down the hillside, merging into the golden grain of wheat and barley in the valley below. Many of the servants are seen at work in the fields and groves, and everywhere there is an atmosphere of willing service and joyful activity. Late one

afternoon the younger son of the homestead comes to his father and says, "Father, I wish to leave home and travel into the land that lies beyond our own country. I have talked with the Arabs who travel past our gates with rich caravans of spices and other merchandise, and they have told me wonderful tales of the possibilities for young men in their country. I would fain seek my fortune yonder, but, father, I cannot go without thy blessing; bless me, even me, O my father." Oh, yes, I know that the reader of these lines has always had a different idea of the interview than this. You have been told that this boy was a prodigal in the home of his father before his experience in the "far country." You have been told that he had finally forfeited his father's favor altogether and that, after one particularly vicious escapade his father had opened wide the door, and, pointing a finger toward it, with voice shaking with anger, had said to the boy, "Go, go far away from here; you are no longer my son; you are dead to me from henceforth; go, I say, and never darken these doors again." I ask you, reader, is there anything in the story to justify this interpretation? On the contrary, if such had been the character of

the lad while at home, would his father have given him his patrimony to make ducks and drakes of it in the “far country?” No, the lad’s request was “Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me.” It was by no means an unusual thing in those days for a Jewish father to divide the inheritance between the sons during his own lifetime and the father can see nothing unusual or bold in the request, especially after the explanation given by the lad at the beginning of this interview. But the father, better versed in the ways of the world and knowing how unstable is the character of his younger son, seeks to dissuade the lad from his purpose. “My son,” he responds, and his face clouds with anxiety lest the boy should further urge his purpose, “you know not what you are asking. You are altogether too young to go into that land, to even leave home at all yet. Your character is weak and unstable and you would fall a victim to the wicked and vicious men who lie in wait for such as you. No, my lad, what you ask is not wise now; tarry with me yet a few years longer and then, with character strong to resist the stress and temptations of the ‘far country,’ thou shalt go, and go with my blessing.”

As the lad listens his face darkens; into his eyes comes the lurid fires of suppressed anger. At the conclusion of his father's response he bursts forth with, "Oh my father, you do not understand. I had hoped to go from you without giving the real reason why I must leave. My brother, by his self-righteous unkindness toward me, by his constant criticism, by his superior aloofness, by his bitter-tongued condemnation of my weaknesses, has again and again aroused within me the spirit of Cain, and, had I not fled his presence at these times, my hand would long since have been stained with his blood and I should have brought down thy grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. O my father, I must, I must go, but I cannot go without thy blessing." As the old man listens he begins to understand; he had noticed the growing estrangement between the two brothers for some time past and had been minded to speak with them concerning it. He had spent many sleepless nights over the problem, and now, as he looks into his younger son's flushed face, as he tries to put himself in the lad's place and see things from his viewpoint, it begins to appeal to him that a temporary separation may work good to both his sons. Put-

ting his hand affectionately upon the lad's shoulder, he says, "Son, I understand; it is all clear to me now and you shall have your desire. The day is far spent, however, and it is better that you should tarry yet another night under my roof. Tomorrow you shall go and go with my blessing."

The morrow dawns. The morning sacrifice is offered, the morning meal over. The servants have scattered to their several tasks and the elder brother has gone to the distant fields. Father and younger son are left alone. Going to his treasure-chest the old man takes therefrom what would constitute the younger son's patrimony and, heavy of heart, he hands this to the lad, who receives it eagerly. "Now my son," says the father, "I have given you your desire; I have given you the portion of goods that is yours; what remains, save for that which I retain for my declining years, belongs to your brother. Husband well your patrimony that nothing be lost but rather more be added to it. But oh, my son, my son, I fear for you in that country yonder; there will be temptations, evil men will seek to seduce you from your father's faith, vicious and depraved Gentile dogs will seek to rob and despoil you.

You will have need of wisdom such as comes from Jehovah alone if you are to succeed and realize your roseate dreams. Despise not my counsel, my son, and let my words lodge long with you. My fears paint a dark and foreboding picture; I fear not the loss of your substance—that is small loss indeed; what my heart fears is the loss of your faith in Jehovah, the loss of character. Never forget that you are my son, that you bear a name that has been honored in Israel since the days of David thy father; that you have an untarnished escutcheon to bear among the Gentiles. But, if you should forget all this, if you should fall a victim to the wicked devices of the vicious and evil influences yonder, if you should even forget your father's God and your father's faith, Oh, my son, never forget that you are my son, that this is your home and that my old eyes will be ever longing for the sight of your face, my ears listening for the sound of thy footfall." With his arm around the boy's shoulder father and son pass from the house, walk together up the crest of the hill from whence the road leading to the "far country" may be seen winding down the slope, and there they pause as the old man says, "Here, my son, is where

we part. Yonder lies the road you have chosen, the road which I, alas, have consented to thy pursuing." Then, with hands held high above his head, the father calls down upon his son the ancient blessing. "The God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the God of thy fathers, bless, preserve and keep thee and bring thee again to thy father's house in peace." With the tears streaming down his face the father embraces his son and then, the lad, choking with restrained sobs, gently detaches himself from his embrace and journeys down the road. The father watches his retreating figure until a bend in the road takes him from sight. With a heavy heart the father returns to his house, muttering benedictions upon the lad and his future. The curtain rings down with a parting view of the lad's wistful face as he turns at the base of the hill and looks, for the last time, upon the home of his boyhood.

## ACT II, SCENE I.

As the curtain rises upon the second act in this world-old drama, a new scene faces us. We see a wilderness field. A dark background of rocks and dead and dying trees. In the center of the field is a huge fallen tree and

around it are seen herds of swine feeding. Upon the tree-trunk we see the figure of a man, and, as we approach, we start in amazement as we recognize the once handsome face of the younger son. What has happened? Ah, need we ask? It is the old, old story. All too soon the father's fears have been realized, his black forebodings fulfilled. One giddy whirl of dissipation after another have quickly squandered the lad's inheritance and now, forsaken by his whilom friends, a stranger in a strange land, with starvation staring him in the face, he does that which, for a Jew, is most degrading. He offers his services to a Gentile. He has stooped low indeed; can he fall lower? Yes, for at the Gentile's bidding he is willing to feed and tend the unclean swine of Jewish abhorrence. Can he yet fall lower? Watch him as he sits upon the log. There is a look of sullen desperation in his face and he presently stoops and picks up one of the husks which the swine did eat. Watch him; he breaks the pod, carries it to his mouth and is about to eat it when a hand is laid upon his shoulder and, turning, he faces a stranger. "What are you going to do with that?" asks the newcomer, pointing to the husk in the lad's

hand. "Eat it, I'm starving," says the lad. "Starving? Starving?" replies the other. "Indeed you must be, to be willing to feed upon swine husks. What is your name? I know you not."

Springing to his feet, facing the stranger with flashing eye, the lad cries, "Dog of a Gentile, cursed of the uncircumcision, you ask who I am? I am the son of a Jewish nobleman. Back yonder in Judea my father has houses and lands and wealth untold. Yea, the servants of my father's house have bread, enough and to spare, and I, his son, perish with hunger." His outburst is interrupted by a sarcastic laugh from the stranger.

"You, you, the son of a Jewish nobleman? Well, you look the part, I must say. The servants of your father's house with more than they need and you, you, his son, out here in a 'Dog of a Gentile's field,' eating the husks of the accursed swine. If what you say is true, why don't you go home?" And with another mocking laugh, the stranger leaves the lad, who sinks back upon the log, and, with his face buried in his hands, begins to weep bitter, scalding tears of soul anguish and utter misery. What has wrought the change? Not the

unbelief of the stranger. Not his gibes at the lad's misery. Ah, no. It was the stranger's parting shot that had broken into the citadel of his being and laid bare the misery of his heart. "Why don't you go home?" the stranger had mockingly flung over his shoulder. "Why not, indeed?" Home! The word had pierced the thick darkness that covered his spirit. It had made to vibrate once more a chord that had been silenced by the dissipation of his riotous living. It had drawn back the curtain and revealed to the lad's hungry eyes the familiar picture of his Judean home; again he can see the old house, the fields of golden grain, the grape-laden vines, the great pomegranate groves and olive trees. Again he can hear his father's voice as on the morning when they parted yonder; it comes to him like the sound of benediction: "If my fears for you are realized instead of your own bright hopes being fulfilled, never forget that you are my son, that this is your home, and oh, my son, my son, my eyes will watch for your coming and my ears wait for the sound of thy footstep and the days will be long and the nights endless until I welcome you home again."

Suddenly the lad leaps to his feet; there is

the look of a new resolution in his face and, as he turns from the swine to follow the trail that leads up and out of his misery and shame, I hear him mutter to himself, "Yes, I'll go home. I will go to my father; he will understand much, but, alas, not all of what I have done and have been in this country. I have forfeited all right to be even called his son; my inheritance is gone and I no longer have a right to a place at his table, but I will humble myself before him; I will confess my way unto him and ask him to make a place for me among his hired servants. There, in any position, in the meanest place of all I will seek to demonstrate the sincerity of my repentance, the restoration of my soul." And the curtain rings down with the lad's face and footsteps turned towards his father's house.

### ACT III, CLOSING SCENE

What has the father been thinking all this time, back yonder in the old home? Has he forgotten his boy? Ah, need we ask? Has there been an hour of the day or night when he had not been in the old patriarch's thought? Well does he know the reason why he has had no word from his son; well does he know that

his fears have all been realized and that the lad has come to shame and disgrace in the far country. Every few weeks when a caravan from that land has passed his gate the old man has laid aside his Jewish pride and, with out-flung arms has cried to the "Gentile dogs," "Know ye aught of my son?" and the Arabs have mocked at him, scorned him, laughed at him, spat upon him, knowing full well what may have befallen the youth in the country whence they came. Night after night, at the hour of the evening sacrifice, he has gone up to the flat roof of his dwelling and, shading his eyes from the rays of the setting sun, has gazed long and earnestly down the road that leads from the far country.

One night there is a strange expectancy at his heart, a strange and unusual buoyancy to his step as he mounts to the roof-top. His heart seems to be singing in anticipation of a great happiness. Leaning over the parapet that circles the roof, he looks down into the valley, already filled with grey shadows, harbingers of the fast-falling night. Something, someone seems to be moving down there at the base of the hill. The old man starts and, trembling with excitement, peers anxiously in

that direction. Yes, a figure is slowly ascending the hillside; with halting step it draws nearer and nearer until with a cry that is half sob, half joy, the old man turns and rushes down the stairway, along the path, down the hillside, his robes flying out behind him as he goes. What has he seen? Why this sudden excitement? Let us look, too. What do we see? A tramp, yes, just a tramp. That is all we see, because ours are not the eyes of a father. But in that tramp, that ragged figure slowly coming nearer and nearer, that father has seen the familiar figure of his youngest son. Watch the two as they draw together. The lad hears the sound of footsteps and, looking up, catches sight of his father running to meet him. "For while he was yet a great way off his father saw him and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him." As their eyes met two cries break upon the quiet of the early evening air. "Father," sobs the boy, and "My son, my son," cries the father, and the next instant they are locked in one another's embrace. In the original Greek text from which our English translation is taken the words "and kissed him" are, literally, "He smothered him with kisses." All

the pent-up love, all the waiting weariness of hope deferred, all the welcoming exultation of that hour, all these find expression in an embrace that manifests the deepest affection. But suddenly the lad breaks away from his father's kisses. With bowed head he murmurs, "Father, you would not welcome me thus if you knew all. I am not worthy to be called thy son. I have forfeited all right to bear thy honored name. I have sinned as in thy very sight for I have done the things you warned me against; I have disgraced thy name among strangers, I have denied thy God among the heathen." But he is stopped by a gesture from the father. The confession is over. Nothing can be gained by prolonging the bitterness of it. The father sees a repentant son, a chastened spirit, an obedient, loving devotion already budding with rich promise in his son's humility. "Enough, my son, enough. Spare me a recital of thy sins. Enough that you have returned, that you are repentant, that I have you with me again. God, thy father's God, has been gracious unto us and has heard my cry. Let us go to the house that you may be clothed as befits my son and that we may make merry over thy safe return."

We pass over the next two or three hours. The calf has been slain, the blood spilled and the atonement offered. Night has fallen over the valley and only the dim, indistinct outlines of the hill crest can be seen against the starry lamps that spangle the dome of heaven. Within the great house are sounds of music and merry-making. Every window is aglow with lights. The elder brother comes in from the field, sees and hears the unwonted signs of festivity and, calling a servant, demands to know "what these things mean." In gladsome tones the servant replies, "Thy brother is come and thy father hath killed the fatted calf because he hath received him safe and sound."

He is stopped by an angry gesture from the elder brother. Reentering the house, he finds the father and acquaints him with the news: "Thy elder son is without and refuses to enter." Then the father goes out to greet his son. "Come in with us and help to make merry over thy brother's return," he says.

With angry mein his elder son faces him. "Lo, these many years do I serve thee," he cries, growing more and more angry with every word. "Neither transgressed I at any

time thy commandment; yet thou never gavest me a kid that I might make merry with my friends, but, as soon as this, thy son, is come which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf." I want you to notice how, in this unfilial Pharisaic tirade of abuse, the elder brother repudiates all relationship with the prodigal in those words, "this, thy son." But the father recalls him to a sense of that relationship which had not been disturbed, much less severed, by the younger lad's conduct in the far country. The other had said, "Lo, these many years do I serve thee," and the father replies, "Son, thou art ever with me." The scoffer had said, "Neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment," as if filial obedience were some strange and hitherto unrewarded virtue. He had said, "Thou never gavest me a kid," and the father replies, "All that I have is thine." He needed but to appropriate what was already his, but such as he always starve in the midst of plenty because their self-righteousness blinds them to all that is good about them. Angrily he had cried, "This, thy son!" and the father replies, "It was meet that we, you and I, should make merry and be

glad, for THIS, THY BROTHER, was dead and is alive again, and was lost and is found."

Thus, with true dramatic Allegory, does the Master-Christian bring out those wonderful twin truths, the Fatherhood of God and the consequent brotherhood of man, and, in spite of cruel creeds, of ruthless dogma, or unchristian preaching and practice, "What God hath joined together man cannot put asunder." It matters little whether you first believe in the Fatherhood of God or in the brotherhood of man. If you accept the latter first, it will ultimately lead you to the acceptance of the former. If you first accept the Divine Fatherhood it will ultimately lead you to the acceptance of universal brotherhood.

Do you wonder that I ask, "Which was the prodigal?" Which of these two brothers was the farthest away from that Father and from a proper appreciation of what his love meant? The lad who never left his father's roof, but whose self-righteous spirit blinded him to all that was beautiful and blessed in that relationship; or the lad who, falling and rising again, found in the "far country" a full appreciation of his father's love and, in humility and repentance, returned home that he might, even as

a servant, be near that father to serve him? I leave you to answer the question for yourself.

"A certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of thy substance that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together and took his journey into a far country; and there he wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that country; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to one of the citizens of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

"But when he came to himself he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish here with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose, and came to his father. But while he was yet afar off, his father saw him, and was moved with compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth quickly the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat, and make merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

"Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called to him one of the servants, and inquired what

*Happiness*

these things might be. And he said unto him, Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound. But he was angry, and would not go in: and his father came out, and entreated him. But he answered and said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, and I never transgressed a commandment of thine; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: but when this thy son came, who hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou killedst for him the fatted calf. And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that is mine is thine. But it was meet to make merry and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

In Ancient Syracuse

## IN ANCIENT SYRACUSE

*“Greater love hath no man than this.”*

I would like to eliminate the distances of time and space and take you with me into a civilization which flourished three hundred years before the birth of Him who began the Christian era. We find ourselves in the island of Sicily, resting like a beautiful jewel on the bosom of the Mediterranean Sea. On the coast of this fair isle is the ancient city of Syracuse, her people strongly democratic and enjoying the greatest of earth's blessings, liberty.

Suddenly, without warning, a cloud looms up upon the horizon, and hangs, portentous, over the fair city of Syracuse. Dionysius, a general in the army, has, by bribery and corruption, bought up a majority in the Senate and had himself proclaimed king. When Senator Damon heard of this outrageous bartering of the people's rights, he rushed into the presence of the newly-created king, and,

against the opposition of a tyrannical majority of his fellow senators, against the opposition of an armed array, boldly denounced Dionysius as a traitor, and, leaping upon him, would have sunk his dagger into his heart but for timely assistance rendered the tyrant by his vassals. For this act Damon was condemned to death. Instantly the news spread throughout the city. Crowds gathered in the chief places of concourse and Damon's name was on every tongue. "When does he die?" is the inquiry voiced by his fellow citizens. "As yon sun dips below the western hills," someone replies.

Suddenly there is a sobbing cry from a woman. "'Tis the wedding day of his friend, Pythias, and Damon was to have been there to give his blessing." Word is carried to Pythias, who, even at this moment, was preparing for the nuptial hour. He hastily casts aside his wedding garb and dons the uniform of an officer in the Syracusian army. He seeks the tyrant in the senate chamber and demands to know the full truth. With an evil sneer, Dionysius replies, "Bid farewell to thy friend, for he bids farewell to life at sundown." Pythias begs for his friend's life; he recalls to

his general his own years of faithful service in the army; he speaks of his wedding day and beseeches the tyrant not to darken the happiest day of his life by so foul a crime as the political murder of the people's champion. Failing in his purpose to save Damon's life, Pythias at last throws aside all pride, and, in bold, passionate, pleading eloquence, begs that Damon be granted a reprieve of a few hours in which to bid farewell to his loved ones.

“As thou’rt a husband and a father, hear me!  
Let Damon go and see his wife and child before he dies.

For four hours respite him. Put me in chains,  
Plunge me into his dungeon as pledge for his return!

Do this, but this, and may the gods themselves Build up thy greatness as high as their own heavens!”

The fervor of this strange appeal touched the heart of Dionysius. Such friendship was to him a mystery. He could not believe that any man would willingly place his life in jeopardy to save a friend. Curious to see the result of so unselfish an offer, he grants the request. Damon is released and Pythias takes his place in the dungeon to await the trend of events.

Let us follow Damon. Arrived at his home

a few miles from the city, he quickly acquaints his wife and child with the news of his impending fate. Unable to look upon their grief, he walks in the garden and presently stands upon the cliff looking out upon the blue waters of the Mediterranean, whose tiny wavelets lazily lap the silvery sand of the shore, hundreds of feet below. As he stands there gazing out upon the scene of surpassing beauty, his eye is caught and held by the dim but distinct outline of the shore of Southern Italy. In a moment the tempter in whispering in his ear: "Fly to yonder land. Take wife and child, and, while the hours linger, make good thy escape." But the brave patriot puts the temptation from him in words that have come ringing down the centuries: "I cannot go. I have pledged to Pythias my word of honor. I have said that I would return by the appointed hour and meet the fate imposed. Honor is more to me than life."

"Ah," whispers the tempter again; "but if you return to Syracuse to pay the penalty of this morning's rashness, who will live to espouse the cause of the people? You are their only champion in this hour of the nation's distress. It is your duty to escape now in order

that you may later return hither and restore democracy to your people." It was the age-long temptation to do evil that good might come, and for a moment Damon wavers. Then the memory of those lessons learned with Pythias in the Pythagorean school of philosophy at Syracuse come back to nerve his arm and steel his soul against the temptation.

"Can a nation be born or preserved by dis-honor?" he cries. "Can the great structure of imperishable glory be reared upon a founda-tion of trickery, treachery and deceit? No, no; I cannot, I will not, pay so great a price as to sacrifice my friend for the people's weal."

Unable to remain alone with the tempter he returns to the house to bid farewell to his loved ones and give them what comfort he might. And there the greatest temptation of all faces him. His beautiful wife throws herself upon his bosom and with tears of anguish and grief she begs and implores with all the eloquence and argument a woman's wit, sharpened by direst need, can suggest. "Damon, husband, thou canst not leave the child and me thus! Thou art our all. Pythias has neither wife nor child to bemoan him. True there is one that loves him but she would soon be satis-

fied with the love of another. Methinks Pythias offered himself as thy hostage in order to give thee opportunity to escape and so prove the greatness of his love. List, methinks that even now I can hear him calling upon the gods to prevent thy return!" And so she begs, implores, argues, reasons, until the man who had not gone down before the temptation of life, who had not succumbed to the subtle temptation of a people's supposed needs, goes down before the appeal of wife and child. Turning his face toward the open casement to catch the glimpse of a ship whereon they might flee, his eye is caught and held instead by the slanted rays of the descending sun. In a moment it all rushes over him. How nearly he had gone down to shame and defeat! With a choking cry of farewell, with one longing, lingering look at his once happy home, he rushes away toward Syracuse to redeem his honor and to save his friend.

Let us precede him to the city. Arrived there, we find the streets thronged with thousands of people, all going in one direction. Following them we arrive at the Senate house. Outside, a huge platform has been erected. Around it are cordons of armed guards. At

one end is a raised dais for the tyrant, while in the center stands the fatal block.

The hour of execution has arrived. Damon has not returned and his hostage is brought to the block to suffer in his stead.

The evening sun shines golden upon the towers and temples of Syracuse as Pythias looks out upon the vast throng, who taunt him with the seeming falseness of his friend.

Escorted by the heads of the army, Dionysius emerges from the Senate house and slowly ascends the dais. There is a moment of supernatural hush. Suddenly, as the headsman's axe is raised over his kneeling victim, a hoarse shout is heard in the distance which is taken up and repeated by ten thousand tongues until it becomes a mighty roar of exultation. "He comes! He comes! Damon, Damon, Damon!" And through the human avenue opened to receive them a horse and rider reach the edge of the scaffold and Damon falls exhausted at the feet of his friend.

At the strange scene the tyrant looks in wonderment.

Once more the crowd voices its verdict, a verdict that Dionysius dares not defy. "Release them, release them!" It is like thunder.

The crowd that, a few moments before, had jeered at Pythias for trusting in the word of his friend, now, like crowds ever have done, reverses itself and demands the pardon and instant release of both friends.

Unable to withstand the popular demand and himself overcome by this exhibition of true friendship, the tyrant quickly gives orders for the pardon of Damon and the release of Pythias, and, taking the two into his own quarters, begs to be admitted as a third participant in their pact of fidelity and friendship.

So runs the ancient story, or, rather, the author's interpretation of it. Like David and Jonathan of sacred writ, so do Damon and Pythias live. Their act has been the inspiration of unnumbered deeds of friendship during the intervening centuries. These heroes still live and will live while friendship warms the heart of man. Truly did the great humanitarian say "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."



**"Be Still and Know that I am God"**

The words rushed in upon my startled thought  
With meaning new.

They breathed the peace which I so long had sought,  
I quieter grew.

They cooled the raging fever in my blood,  
They stilled the angry tempest in my heart,  
They drew the tears, long pent-up, as a flood,  
Ah, then I knew.

I knew that God ne'er sent distress, nor formed  
Man out of dust.

Though heaven and earth might pass, I still  
His love could trust.

I knew that sin and pain and mortal ill,  
Which I so long had charged to God's account,  
Were born of selfish pride and stubborn will.  
Our God is just.

Into th' encircling arms of Love I crept,  
Restored again.

As babe upon its mother's breast I slept,  
Free from all pain.

And when I waked, the still small voice of God  
Still poured into my consciousness the strain  
"Be still," and then I knew affliction's rod  
Was not in vain.

*Immortality*

Say not that she is dead. It is not death  
To pass from out this vale of suffering and strife  
Into the peace and calm which lie beyond  
The Western hills—out into Life.

There is no death. Love cannot die,  
And rare was one more blessed than she in this.  
Truth's kindly light shall guide her willing steps  
In paths of joy, in gardens of eternal bliss.

Her loving thought ascends. Her journey hence,  
Far into realms by mortals unexplored,  
Shall yield to her each day some recompense  
For hopes deferred on earth, for ideals long adored.

Good-night, beloved. Thou hast kissed the Cross.  
Earth's toil is o'er, its bitterness and gall  
Forever past. And thou dost reap at last  
The harvest of thy sowing. 'Tis thy Fall.

**Good Will**

We two are friends. I crave no more than this,  
I hold thy friendship at its highest worth.  
I send you greetings on this day of bliss,  
May every hour be filled with wholesome mirth!  
May mem'ries' canvas glow with friendly faces,  
Brought back by thought from countries far and  
near;  
May they be there who dwell in "heavenly places":  
"A Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year!"

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A primal gloom gave place at God's command,  
When spirit spake and light supernal shone,  
So error's night shall yield to Truth's demand,  
And sin and death forever be unknown.



# Eulogy

[Eulogy delivered by Frederick S. Attwood, Supreme Prelate, at the funeral services of the Honorable Fred E. Wheaton, Supreme Keeper of Records and Seal, at the Church of the Redeemer, Minneapolis, Minnesota, Wednesday, February 1st, 1922.]

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*Friends:*

We stand today in the presence of a great sorrow, a sorrow shared by hundreds of thousands of Pythians and friends everywhere in this country and the great dominion to the north, and yet this is not a time for excess of mourning, for bitterness of grief. Rather is it an occasion for those of us who knew and loved Fred E. Wheaton to thank God that ours has been the inexpressibly happy privilege of that association. He is not dead. Such men as he die not; they but depart this mortal sense of life to go forward to greater service, greater opportunities of usefulness, untrammeled by the flesh. No, Fred E. Wheaton is not dead. It is not death to pass from out this vale of suffering and strife, into the peace and calm which lie beyond the western hills—out into Life.

Words are woefully inadequate to do justice to the personal character and wonderful life-work of this truly great man. He was one of

God's noblemen, head and shoulders above us all in his unswerving devotion to a high sense of fraternal and civil duty. An indulgent father, a loving, devoted and faithful husband —in his home life he expressed the rugged simplicity of a great soul, seeking his happiness in the hearts and affection of his family. As a friend he was ever wise in counsel, charitable in judgment, prodigal in his benevolence, ever "seeking his own in another's good," and brightening the path of life for untold thousands of his fellow pilgrims. As a statesman he was one of the outstanding figures of his party, fearless in his convictions, yet ever ready to accord to others the right of personal judgment and by his freedom from envy or jealousy, his gracious acceptance of political fortune, turning defeat into personal victory. Intensely loyal to the Government and Flag, Brother Wheaton's devotion to the high ideals of American citizenship expressed itself in a patriotism which encouraged and inspired his own sons to enlist for overseas service in the great world war. His self-effacement was never more clearly defined than when, less than a year ago, he retired from the mayoralty contest in this city of Minneapolis in order to

avoid the possibility of a victory for the disloyal element here.

His departure from our midst leaves the great order to which he gave his life, stunned and perplexed. How to fill his place is the great, the immediate, question which we shall have to cope with. That no man can adequately fit the situation goes without saying; it will take any man among us years to come up to the exceedingly high standards of service which he established. Thanks to his indefatigable energy, his inspiring leadership, his wonderful natural endowment of brain and fraternal spirit, his outflung Pythian horizon, and, above all, his marvelous ability to see and to initiate great forward movements for the growth and development of the order, we have enjoyed, during his occupancy of the office of Supreme Keeper of Records and Seal, a period of prosperity and enlargement unequaled in our history. In a very true sense indeed "his works do follow him."

An occasion like the present brings us face to face with that agonized cry of the great heart of humanity, voiced by the Patriarch of old when he cried, "If a man die, shall he live again?" If a grain of wheat fall into the

ground and apparently die, shall it live again? The limitless fields of golden harvests which, year after year, gladden the heart of the husbandman, answer in a glad affirmative. If an acorn fall into the ground and die, shall it live again? Let the mighty oaks, clothing with verdure and beauty the hillsides and valleys of the earth, answer in a glad affirmative. If a tiny worm spin its own shroud and crawl within and die, shall it live again? Let the gorgeous-winged butterfly, that ancient emblem of immortality, waving her tiny wings above every sod where bereaved humanity has laid its dearest hopes, answer in a glad affirmative. And is man, made in the divine image, less than a grain of corn, an acorn, a worm? "If a man die, shall he live again?" And back from the throne of inspiration comes the ringing response, "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."

May the consciousness of the ever-presence of Divine Love lift us above all sense of bereavement and loss, and may we thus learn that he is not dead, but is just a step ahead of us in the path that "shineth more and more unto the perfect day." He is not dead. His journey hence, far into realms by mortals un-

explored, shall yield to him each day some recompense for hopes deferred on earth, for ideals long adored. I leave with you this closing thought: Our brother is living, loving and working still.

“Still, still with Thee, when purple morning waketh,  
When the dawn breaketh and the shadows flee.  
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daybreak,  
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.”

“The eternal God is our refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms.”

# **F**raternalism

## FRATERNALISM

Fraternity is an idea which, in its scope, includes a multitude of humanitarian organizations known as "Fraternal Orders or Societies." A man may point to the Stars and Stripes and say to me, "There floats the American flag!" But is that the American flag? If it is then there are millions of American flags of every size and value. No, the American flag is an idea, cherished in the heart of every patriotic citizen of the United States; an idea that, in its scope, includes that sacrifice of blood and treasure made by our fathers and the men of this generation to preserve to the world those ideals of Democracy which gave birth to a new nation; which includes that federation of States and interests into one great Union; which includes that paternal relationship of a great Government towards those by whose will and consent it governs, and which includes those imperishable principles of liberty, equality and justice which make for national integrity and permanence. These, and kindred ideals, are all embraced within that inner idea which finds its visible expression

in "Old Glory." And it was not that bit of silk or bunting, carried high in the hands of intrepid heroes over there in Flanders' fields that nerved the arm and steeled the soul of our men to combat and to conquer. No, it was the principles for which that flag stands and of which it is the emblem. So, as the flags we see are but the visible manifestation of the inner idea, the fraternal organizations are the outward expression of the great, fundamental thought of fraternity, the answer of our civilization to that age-long cry of the first murderer, "Am I my brother's keeper?" These societies are not religious organizations, as that word is commonly used and understood.

We associate the term "Religion" with the church and one's affiliation therewith, but it has a much more significant meaning than that. Religion is the science of relations. The church endeavors to determine and establish in human consciousness the relationship between God and man as Father and son. The fraternal order or society endeavors to determine and establish in human consciousness the relationship between man and man as brothers. In this sense, therefore, while seeking to shape no man's creed, these organiza-

tions of humanitarian purpose are of very necessity religious.

Their mission is two-fold. First to inculcate in the fertile soil of the mind, thoughts or lessons of friendship, charity, benevolence, love of the right, the defense of the weak, the uplifting of the fallen, the amelioration of human woe and distress and the education of the orphan, all to the end that each adherent or member shall thereby develop and maintain true character.

Their second mission, equally important as the first, is to "Make the world brighter and better, to bring sunshine and gladness to hearts in gloom, to aid in dispelling the clouds that at times gather about and darken the lives of all men," to help to bring about the glad day when even the wild beasts of the jungle shall forget their mutual enmities and lie down together.

When there shall be no division of the peoples of the earth into separate and warring nations, but one great brotherhood of nations, working together in harmony and peace for the common good of all. This is the ultimate of fraternalism. Who shall say that the goal is unreachable, the ideal unattainable?





## A Time to Laugh

## A TIME TO LAUGH

Judge X of Georgia is very fond of watermelons and it used to be his custom (in the days B. P.) to take a melon from the patch in the morning, plug it, pour in half a pint of good liquor and place the melon on ice; by the evening meal-time the melon was seasoned to the judge's taste. One summer a preachers' convention was held at Judge X's home town and his wife invited three of the ministers to be her guests. Coming home the first afternoon of the convention the judge saw his three friends on the wide veranda, and, ever the hospitable host, said, "Ah, gentlemen, good evening." The salutation being returned, the judge continued, "Wouldn't a slice of cold watermelon taste good before dinner?" All agreed that it would be just the one thing needful and so the Judge went to the refrigerator, took out his pet melon, sliced it generously and, carrying the platter to the veranda, shared it with his guests. In a moment or two his wife appeared in the doorway with a horrified expression on her face. Beckoning the judge

within the living-room she said in a hoarse whisper, "You've disgraced us, you've disgraced us; you've given those ministers your plugged melon." At first the judge was non-plussed, but presently said, "Well, I'm awfully sorry; I wouldn't have done it for the world, but I never thought; there's only one thing I can do and that is to make the best apology and explanation that I can." With this intention the judge returned to the porch just in time to see his clerical guests digging out the last seeds and pocketing them. No apologies were necessary.

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Daddy was breaking open a cocoanut in the presence of Donald, aged three. He gave the youngster a piece of the nut which still had a part of the shell adhering to it. Donald tried to bite through the shell and exclaimed, "Why daddy, this nut has a bone in it."

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A Scotchman wakened one morning to find his wife had died suddenly during the night. With admirable presence of mind he called to the maid in the kitchen below, "Ye'll need to cook but one egg for breakfast this morning, Maggie."

In an Illinois town lives a man who is very, very thin. He was waiting in the reception-room of a local physician when the newsboy came into the room, opened the door of the doctor's office and saw a skeleton standing in a cabinet near the window. He hastily slammed the door and ran downstairs, pursued by the thin man crying, "Here, boy; I want a paper." At the foot of the stairs the boy turned and said, "You can't fool me, Sah, I done just saw you with your clothes off."

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A gentleman cycling through England came to two cross-roads, and not knowing which to take to reach his destination, and seeing a tramp asleep by the wayside, went over and aroused the man with the question, "My friend, can you tell me which of these roads I should take to reach such-and-such a town?" Without replying the tramp pointed with his hand in the direction of one of the roads and then rolled over and went to sleep again. Once more the gentleman aroused him, and said, "My friend, if you can show me a lazier trick than that I'll give you half-a-crown." With a weary drawl the tramp replied, "Put it in my pocket."

A gentleman went into a restaurant and called for pickled pigs' feet. After eating the first portion brought him, he ordered a second dish of the delectable dainties. Consuming that, he began to experience excruciating pains in the direction of the lower abdomen. Calling the waiter, he said, "George, get me something quick, I'm suffering tortures." "Ah can't git yer nawthing, boss," said the waiter, "Ah ain't no doctor man." "But you must," said the guest, "I'm in agony." A brilliant thought struck George: he went back to the kitchen and presently returned with a glass of water and a powder. Mixing the two, he handed the glass to the gentleman and said, "Drink this, boss." After draining the contents of the tumbler, the man felt greatly relieved and again calling the negro, said, "What was that you gave me?" "Ere yer feelin' better, boss?" asked the waiter, apparently unwilling to divulge the secret. "Yes, indeed," was the reply, "what was that I just drank?" "Well, boss, you see, you ate too many pickled pigs' feet and ah jest giv yer 'Footease.' "

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Men make money, but money does not make men.

The kindergarten teacher in a Duluth school noticed one morning that one of her pupils seemed bursting with news of great importance. "What is it, Agnes?" asked the teacher, "is there something you want to tell me?" "We've got a new baby at our house; Doctor Jones brought him last night," was the proud response. Another little girl, thinking that Agnes had held the center of the stage long enough, held up her hand and cried out, "We take of him, too, teacher."

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A friend of mine came home at about two o'clock one morning. He ascended the stairs very quietly, reached the bedroom and began to disrobe. Hearing sounds that indicated that his wife was waking, he leapt to the corner of the room where the baby's crib stood and began to shake it gently, saying "Sh—sh—sh." His wife's voice penetrated the silence as she said, "What on earth are you doing, Jack?" My friend replied, "Why, dear, I've been up with the baby nearly all night trying to keep it quiet so that you could sleep." In colder accents came the response, "Then you'd better come to bed now; baby's been in bed with me all night."

An Irishman on board a ship that was about to cross the Equator heard the sailors talking about the fun they would have when they crossed the line. Going up to the captain, the Irishman said, "Phat do they mean, sir? They're talking about crossing the line all the time." The captain said, "If you'll come up to the bridge tomorrow at about eleven o'clock I'll show you the line, Pat." The next day the captain saw Pat coming up the companion-way towards the bridge and he hastily plucked a hair from his head, stuck it across the large end of the telescope and, when Pat approached, handed him the glass and said, "The line is over yonder; if you'll put your eye to the glass I think you'll see it." Pat took the telescope, placed it to his eye, shut the other eye and took a long squint in the direction indicated by the captain. "Well, don't you see it?" inquired that worthy, after a long silence. "Bedad, I do," excitedly responded Pat, "it's a red one, and there's a camel walking on it."

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If you picked up a purse of money in an alley, would it be alimony?

Finkelstein had fallen over the banister and had landed on the floor below. After the doctor had patched him up, a friend took him home in a cab. Referring to this later, the friend said, "Finkey talked like a drunken man all the way home." "No wonder," was the reply, "he had just taken a drop too much."

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A farmer drove hard into town and seeing two men on the street corner asked excitedly, "Where can I find the undertaker?" One of the men said, "What, Bill, is some one dead out to your house?" "No," was the reply, "my wife's sick." "Well, man alive," ejaculated the other, "you don't want the undertaker, you want the doctor." "No, siree," replied the farmer, "I want the undertaker; I've cut out all middlemen."

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Two hoboes were taking a drink at a little stream that flowed down a hillside. One of them said, "This water has a beery taste; there must be a brewery at the top of the hill; go up and see." When his companion returned he inquired, "Is there? Is there a brewery up there?" "Naw," was the gloomy reply, "a Dutch cemetery."

Before the days of universal suffrage in this country, a suffraget parade was passing through the streets of a Western city. One man, to whom the committee in charge had entrusted a banner with a painted motto, walked with a very hang-dog expression on his face, dragging his banner in the dust. After they reached home his wife upbraided him for his lack of chivalry. "Why didn't you step out like a man, throw your shoulders back and hold your banner high?" she interrogated. "Well, Mary," responded her husband, "you evidently didn't see what was on the banner they gave me to carry." "No, I didn't," said his wife. "What was it?" To which her husband answered with an apologetic air, "Men vote, why can't I?"

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Little Dorothy had been naughty, so her mother put her in the bedroom closet to think it over. All was very quiet for some time and then Dorothy's mother opened the closet door to see what her little three-year-old was doing. "What are you doing, dear?" inquired mama. "I 'pit on your new dress, I 'pit on your new hat, and now I'm waiting for more 'pit," was the reply.

A lady who was a great poultry fancier visited a poultry show and fell in love with a rooster of very gaudy plumage. She bought the bird, took him home and put him in the yard with her other chickens. The lady next door owned a milch goat, and that afternoon, wandering around her own domain, the goat came to a part of the fence where a slat or two were missing. Poking her head through the aperture, she spotted the new rooster; going through the fence she commenced a merry chase of the bird and finally cornered him, caught him and, plucking out all his tail feathers, ate them. That evening when the lady milked her goat all she could get was cocktails.

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Uncle Harvey was a bachelor and his little niece, aged six, was visiting his home. "Do you say your prayers every night?" inquired uncle. "Not every night," said Betty. "Well, you know where little girls go when they die who don't say their prayers every single night," teased her uncle. "My mamma says there isn't any hell," retorted Betty, and then, triumphantly, "What do you know about it anyway; you're not married."

A circus proprietor had a large menagerie which wintered in vacant lots about his house. One night he was out with convivial spirits at the club and his courage ran high while the crowd felt gay. About two-thirty a. m., however, when the scatteration took place and he had to wend his weary way homeward toward the place where the "Sleeping Beauty" lay—with no guarantee that she would be sleeping—his courage ebbed at every step until, when he reached home, it was about gone. Letting himself in as quietly as possible and removing his shoes in the hall, he began the ascent to his room. Every stair cried out aloud of his coming and so filled him with fear that, at the first landing, he retraced his steps, put on his shoes, let himself out and began to wander in the darkness. Presently he bumped into one of the steel menagerie cages and, springing the lock, he entered, lay down on the straw-covered floor and went to sleep. In the morning his wife awakened, missed her husband and began to seek him. At last she found him, fast asleep on the floor of the cage where, in yonder corner, crouched the man-eating Bengal tiger with flashing eyes and lashing tail, waiting to spring upon his victim the

moment he would move. Seizing the bars of the cage, his wife shook it frantically, calling upon her husband to awaken; this he presently did, rubbed his eyes and saw her. Again seizing the bars and shaking them, she cried out to him, "Come out of there, come out of there, you coward!"

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"Say, Pat, have yez named the new baby at your house yet?" inquired one Irishman of another. "Sure and we have," was the reply. "And what have yez called her?" inquired the interlocutor. "Hazel," answered his friend. "Hazel?" said the other. "With three hundred and siventeen blessed saints to name her afther, ye've called her after a nut."

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Mr. Brown lived in a small town. He was always under the espionage of his wife; she kept tab on his every movement. When he reached the bank each morning his stenographer would say, "Mrs. Brown has just called up." He would go to the telephone, get his house and inquire, "Did you want something?" His wife would reply, "Oh, no, dear;

I just wanted to know if you had reached the bank." Occasionally Mr. Brown would go to the city on business. After the evening meal he would be seated in a comfortable chair in the lobby of the hotel, smoking his cigar and glancing through the paper when he would hear the page or bell-hop crying, "Calling Mr. Brown, calling Mr. Brown." He would say, "I am Mr. Brown, what is it?" He would be informed that he was wanted on the long-distance. Going to the telephone booth he would take down the receiver and say, "Hello, hello," and from the other end of the wire would come "his master's voice" saying, "When are you coming home?"

Well, Mr. Brown died. He went straight up to and through the pearly gates and finally located a great, comfortable, easy-chair. Sinking into it with a great sigh of relief he began to ruminate along this fashion: "How quiet, how restful, how peaceful it is here! This is indeed heaven." Just then an attendant touched him on the shoulder and said, "Are you Mr. Brown?" "Yes," he replied, apprehensively, "What is it?" With a grin, the attendant replied, "Your wife wants you on the ouija board, sir."

A Swede who had been ill and was convalescing was ordered by his physician to go away for a change of air and scene. He hadn't much money, but knew that he must obey the doctor's orders, so went to the depot and called for a ticket. "Where to?" inquired the agent. "Hey don't know," was the reply, "Hey have to go avay." "Do you want a return ticket?" next inquired the man at the window. "Vat's dat?" asked the Swede. "Do you want to come back?" impatiently interrogated the agent. "Sure," was the response; so the agent sold him a return ticket to a small village down the line. The day was hot and the windows of the car were open as our friend boarded the train. As it pulled out of the depot he put his head out of the window and a gust of wind removed his hat and carried it far afield. Withdrawing his head, our friend began to indulge in very unSwedish and unAmerican language. A clergyman in front of him stood it as long as he could, but presently turned around and said, "My friend, do you know that you are going straight to hell?" "Hey don't care," was the reply, "Hey have a come-back ticket."

"Mary," called her husband, "I wish you'd send that Palm Beach suit of mine to the cleaners today." Well, Mary, like a careful housewife and possibly from force of habit, went through the pockets of the suit before sending it out and found two pieces of colored pasteboard in one of them. On one was scrawled, "Three to one on Dan Scratch," and on the other, "Five to seven on Dancy Nanks." She could not understand them; they were to her a mystery. Taking tea that afternoon with a lady friend she mentioned the mysterious pieces of pasteboard found in her husband's pockets. "Why, your husband is an archeologist," said the friend. "An archeologist?" exclaimed the young wife. "Why, yes," was the reply, "those tickets are relics of a lost race."

A suit for damages was brought into court for trial before a jury. At a certain point in the case a question arose as to the admissibility of certain evidence. The judge, not wishing the jury should hear the argument, excused them for fifteen minutes. During the course of the argument between the attorneys the judge turned and saw one of the jurymen still sitting in his place and listening closely to the lawyer for the defense. "What are you doing here?" said the judge, "didn't I discharge you for fifteen minutes?" Pointing to one of the lawyers the man said, "You can't discharge me, judge; Mr. Brady hired me!"

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Outside a restaurant opposite the M. & St. L. depot in Minneapolis there hung a sign for years, "Meals, fifteen cents and up." Appetizing, eh?

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Speaking of signs, I am reminded of one that used to be seen on a cemetery fence. The cemetery was surrounded by a cinder path in lieu of a concrete sidewalk and the sign, to which many gave a double meaning, was, "No scorching here."

A crowded passenger train stopped at a small village and a farmer climbed aboard. He sat down beside a well-dressed man, and, eyeing him closely, said, "You're a well-dressed man!" "Yes, my business demands it," he replied, "I am salesman for a New York clothing house." This with characteristic motions of the hands. "You're a Jew," said the farmer, "aren't you?" "Yes, I am of the Hebrew faith," said the salesman, "what of it?" "Oh, nothing," said the farmer, "only we ain't got no Jews in our village." "That's why it's a village," retorted his companion, and the two lapsed into silence.

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Two Scotchmen were talking together on the street-corner. Said one of them, "Sandy, what do ye gie your lad for spending-money each week?" The other replied, "Twenty-five cents." "What, mon, twenty-five cents? Why, that's a fortune to gie a lad to spend!" "Aye, but I hae him put it into the gas meter slot every Saturday night and he thinks he's putting it into the savings-bank," said his canny friend.

A temperance lecturer was delivering an address on the evils of intemperance. To enforce his argument he presently produced a flask of Scotch whiskey, a glass of water and an empty glass. Fixing his gaze upon a man with a very red nose, sitting in the front seat, he said, "I'm now going to prove to you the terrible effects of alcoholic drinking. In this glass I have pure water, in this bottle is some Scotch whiskey and in this little tin box are some earth-worms. Now watch what I do. I take a worm from the little box and drop it into the water. See how he enjoys his bath! Now I pour some whiskey into this empty glass and drop another worm into it. See how the little creature squirms and twists and coils into knots and, finally, drops to the bottom, dead." With an accusing finger the lecturer pointed to the man with the red nose and said, "That's what whiskey does to your stomach." The red-nosed individual said, "Is that Scotch whiskey?" "Yes, sir," was the surprised reply. "Is it good Scotch whiskey?" pursued the other. "Yes, sir; the best ever," replied the lecturer. "Then please pass me the bottle," said the man, "for I'm sair troubled wi' worms."

Three Irishmen were returning home in the early hours of the morning. One could talk a little but not walk very much, another could walk all right but could not talk very much, while the third could neither walk or talk.

The first two were undertaking to see the third man to his home. Upon reaching the spot the one who could walk a little but not talk rang a peal on the door-bell. A window on the second story was thrown up and a woman's night-capped head appeared, with the inquiry, "Phat d' ye want?" The man who could talk a little but not walk very much said, "Does Casey live here?" "Yes, he does, bad cess to him," replied the woman. There was a pause for a few moments and then the talker said, "Wud yez plaze come down and pick out Casey?"

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Do you drive your automobile, or does your automobile drive you?

A chairman in introducing a famous speaker at a big banquet, took so much time in his introduction that very little was left for the speaker of the evening. He arose at the conclusion of the chairman's lengthy speech and prefaced his address with the following story. A man driving over a poorly-settled part of the country came to where a farmer was leaning against the fence chewing tobacco and with apparently not a care in the world. The farm was run down at the heels, the house needed painting, the fences mending and the fields cultivating. Near the farmer was a group of razor-backed hogs. "Those your hogs?" inquired the stranger. "Yep," was the laconic reply. "They're pretty thin; what do you feed them on?" pursued the man. "Oh, they root acorns," said the farmer. "Root acorns?" ex-postulated the interlocutor, "doesn't it take a long time to fatten hogs on acorns?" "Well, stranger," retorted the farmer, "what's time to a hog?"

The village priest was around among his flock, getting subscriptions toward the purchase of a set of chimes for the church. He had interviewed Mr. Dillon and Mr. Dolan and was presenting the matter to Mr. Casey. "Phat did Dillon give?" interrogated Casey. "Fifty dollars," was the reply. "And phat did Dolan give?" further queried Casey. "Fifty dollars," was the priest's response. "Then put me down for a hundred," said Casey.

The chimes were purchased and installed in the church tower. The following Sunday was the day set apart for their blessing and consecration. Casey and his wife were on their way to church when suddenly they heard the chimes peal forth their first call to worship. Casey stopped and listened intently, his face getting redder and redder with anger every moment. At last he could stand it no longer and turning to his wife blurted out, "Wud yez hear them bells? Hear them I say, 'Dill-un-Dol-un, dil-un-dol-un' and not a wurrd about Casey."

On his way to the store one morning Isaac saw Jacob, his competitor, standing outside his store wearing a new diamond scarf-pin of immense size. "Good morning, Jakey," said Isaac. "Good morning, Ikey," came the response. "Did you have a fire?" asked Ikey. "No," returned Jakey. "Did somebody die?" persisted Ikey. "Say, what do you want to know; what are you asking all these questions for?" retorted Jakey. "Well, I only want to know where you got that beautiful stone," was the innocent rejoinder. "Oh, is that all? Well, I'll tell you. My wife's father died a short time ago and left my wife all his money, but in such a way that I can't touch it in my business. He made me his executor and in his will he said that his executor was to take one thousand dollars out of the estate to buy a stone."

An old gentleman lay dying. For forty-odd years he had lived with his wife, a woman with the disposition of a “nagger.” Day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year he had suffered under the stinging lash of his wife’s scorpion-like tongue. Now it seemed that he was to be released. The physician had just left the sick-room after acquainting Mary with the sad news that her husband would soon go out into the Great Unknown. Thinking to comfort him, Mary turned to the dying man and said, “Don’t worry, John, don’t worry; I’ll soon be following you.” Rallying his last vestige of strength, John raised a shaking hand and quavered, “Don’t be in a hurry, Mary, don’t be in a hurry.”

Well, he died and was buried and his disconsolate widow had a tombstone erected over his grave. On the stone was carved his name, the date of his birth and death and, underneath, this familiar epitaph, “Rest in peace—till we meet.”

Ole, the big Swede lumberman, was relating how he lost six dollars on a bet with his friend Oscar. "Oscar tole me that he could tell any kind of wood by the smell of it, so ey bet him sax dollars that he couldn't. Ey took Oscar down to the lumber-yard and ey put a black scarfe over his eyes an' then ey pick up a bit of cedar shingle and put it under his nose and ey say, 'Smell that and tell me what it is.' Oscar, he smell the shingle and he say, 'That's cedar.' Ey began to tank ey lose my sax dollar, but ey took a bit of birch wood and held it under his nose and ey say, 'What is that wood, Oscar?' and purty soon he say, 'That's birch.' Then ey purty sure ey would lose my sax dollar but ey try once again. Ey see a purty striped pussy-cat down by the lumber pile and ey try to catch her and after a long while ey catch her and ey put her under Oscar's nose and say, 'What is that wood, Oscar?' He smell hard and look awful puzzled and ey begin to tank ey would not lose my sax dollar. Then Oscar's face light up with a big smile and he say to me, 'That is pussy-willow.' And ey lose my sax dollar."

Good King Tut  
Was a gay old mut  
In the days of long ago.  
But in spices and brine,  
He was pressed for time,  
Before they laid him low.

Although he was brave  
Yet he dreaded the grave,  
So they built for him a tomb  
Out there in the sand  
In Egypt's land,—  
So started the present boom,

For an American bold,  
Hired with English gold,  
And filled with inquisitive zeal,  
Set out on a quest  
To find Tut's nest,  
Or anything else he could steal.

When he reached the spot,  
The royal burial plot,  
'Twas covered with tons of sand.  
But he delved away  
For many a day,  
Till he uncovered King Tut, canned.

Now Tut's all the rage  
On the title page  
Of every pictorial sheet.  
And the fashions he'll set  
For the women, you bet,  
From head clear down to their feet.

A minister who owned a parrot had a sailor brother who also owned a parrot which had been with him on many a voyage. The sailor determined to visit his brother and, as a mark of his esteem, to give him his bird. Arrived there and the greetings over, the sailor presented his gift. "Oh, Jack," said the clergyman, "you didn't need to bring me anything; besides I have a parrot of my own." "That's all right," said Jack, "let's put mine on the perch with yours and see what they'll do." This was done. The clergyman's parrot looked the sailor's parrot over very carefully and then said, "Brother, what shall we do to be saved?" Like a flash came the unexpected answer from the other bird, "Pump like the d——l, or we'll all go to the bottom."

A professor was trying to instruct the class in the very important duty of cultivating the faculty of observation. To emphasize his point he mixed a very noxious compound in a basin and then said, "I want you to all observe what I do and then come forward and do exactly the same thing." He dipped his finger into the basin and put it into his mouth, making a very wry face. Each member of the class came to his desk and dipped a finger into the bowl, placed it in the mouth and departed for his seat with a very disgusted expression of countenance. When all were seated once more the professor said, "None of you observed what I did, for, had you done so, you would have perceived that the finger I put in my mouth was not the one I dipped into the basin."

The following story is reported as having been published in the "Stars and Stripes" during the early days of the American participation in the great war.

Why worry about the draft? If you're drafted you have two chances. Either you will be sent overseas or held in training camp here. If you are held in camp here you have nothing to worry about. If you're sent overseas you have two chances. Either you will be sent to the firing line or held in reserve. If held in reserve you have nothing to worry about. If sent to the firing line you have two chances. Either you will be wounded or you will not. If you are not wounded you have nothing to worry about. If you are wounded you have two chances. Either you will recover or you will not. If you recover you have nothing to worry about. If you do not recover you still have two chances!









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